

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cuypot.*



AMONG THE INDIAN WIGWAMS.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—HENRY TALBOT SETS FORTH ON A JOURNEY THROUGH THE FORESTS, AND ACROSS THE PRAIRIES OF THE FAR-WEST.

The distance from St. Louis to the south shore of Lake Michigan, as the crow flies, or as they say in America, "in a bee-line," is about 500 miles almost due north. At the present day the journey may be easily accomplished, either by steamboat or railroad-car, in a few days. It was, however, very different at the time

of which I write, when the traveller had, during the greater portion of the journey, to penetrate through dark, gloomy forests; to cross streams often rendered unfordable for days together by floods; when there were only two or three small settlements to be met with throughout the entire distance, and when he had to trust to find rest and shelter at night in some one of the log-cabins that were scattered at wide distances, inhabited by hunters and backwoodsmen, who were hospitable when they possessed the means, but who frequently had little to share with the weary traveller. The stages in use previous to the construction of the

present intricate network of railroads, which cross and recross the country in every direction, were rude, clumsy vehicles, mere wooden boxes of great strength, set on wheels, sometimes without springs, and drawn at an irregular pace, according to the road, by two, three, or four horses, as the occasion might require.

This was not a very pleasant prospect for the young Englishman; still, to a young man, there was a certain charm in such a precarious mode of travel. Moreover, during his passage up the Mississippi, Henry Talbot had experienced a great desire to see the wilderness of the Far-west, and to penetrate into the primeval forest. He was in possession of youth, health, and activity, and had a sufficiency of money for his present purposes. He set forth, therefore, in high spirits, and at the end of four days' travel by stage reached Springfield, Illinois, since become famous as the residence of the late President Lincoln, and the present capital of the State, but then a small, newly-founded settlement, situated in the midst of extensive prairies.

From Springfield he continued his journey on foot to Illinois city, at that period the only other settlement of importance in the State, and nearly 200 miles distant. His journey, however, was over level prairie-land, occupied by numerous isolated settlers, whose cabins were from five or six to twenty miles apart. He therefore experienced no great hardship, since he could always be sure of reaching some settler's cabin by the time he began to feel fatigued, where he was equally sure of a glad and hearty welcome from its owner.

When, however, he entered the densely-wooded State of Michigan, the travel became more fatiguing as the scenery grew more interesting. He had been twenty-four days on his journey, and during that period had slept in the open air at least one-third of the nights, when, from an eminence, he caught his first glimpse of the vast sheet of water from which the State of Michigan derives its name.

Beneath his feet, but a short distance off, and near the shore of the great lake, stood a long, low, red-roofed wooden building, constructed of unbarked logs, and only one storey in height. Scattered around were some twenty-five or thirty ordinary log-cabins, interspersed with a few Indian wigwams. Moored near the shore, or hauled up on the beach, were a number of boats and canoes of various sizes, and a few fur-longs from the shore a small brig lay at anchor, her sails, which had been loosed to dry, the previous day having been showery, still unfurled, and hanging in graceful festoons from her yards.

On the beach, and amidst the cabins, some ten or a dozen men, attired in the garb of hunters, were strolling idly about, talking with one another. Two white women, to judge from their attire and general appearance, were seated at the door of one of the cabins, with their infants in their laps; half-a-dozen white children were gambolling on the beach. Near the wigwams, four or five Indians in their native costume, plentifully bedaubed with paint, and bedecked with feathers, were reposing on the turf, smoking their pipes and playing with their own dusky offspring; while, as usual, their squaws, attired in coarse blue blankets and red leggings, presenting a marked contrast to their gaily attired lords, were employed in bringing in firewood, or preparing the evening meal.

The spot upon which Henry Talbot now looked down was Chicago, at that period a mere trading-post, from which hunters sallied forth to hunt the buffaloes on the distant prairies, and whither white trappers and red men came periodically to dispose of their furs.

The sun was just beginning to dip beneath the translucent waters of the lake as the traveller reached the brow of the hill. Hitherto, throughout his journey, the forests or hills, or some other intervening object, had limited the range of his vision at the hour of sunset; but now, the sheet of smooth, glittering water that lay extended beneath his feet appeared to stretch to the verge of the remote horizon. The atmosphere was remarkably clear after the rain of the preceding day, and the sunset was glorious, so different from anything he had been accustomed to see, unless on very rare occasions, in the misty atmosphere of his native land.

At the present day Lake Michigan* is navigated by scores of steamers, propellers, and sailing vessels of every description. Railroad termini abound on its shores, and telegraph wires form a net-work around it. But at the period of which I write, and even to a much later date, only two or three small brigs ploughed its lonely waters; and, except in the vicinity of the settlements, its sandy shores were rarely visited save by some solitary hunter or trapper, or some red Indian with his squaw and children, who erected his wigwam on some chosen spot, that he might occupy himself awhile in hunting or fishing in the neighbourhood.

For some minutes Henry stood gazing silently and thoughtfully upon the novel scene. But for the little busy spot immediately beneath him, he might have fancied that he stood alone, where as yet the foot of man had never trod since the creation. Darkness was gradually, yet perceptibly creeping over the waters of the lake, and one after another the more distant objects disappeared beneath its cover. Not a sound was audible, save the occasional scream of some water-fowl, and the melancholy monotonous chorus of the bull-frogs from amidst the sedges.

At length the sun dipped beneath the distant horizon, and again he turned his gaze upon the little settlement at the foot of the hill, itself now almost lost to view in the deepening twilight.

The inhabitants had retired to their cabins, from which lights began to gleam, and to cast their reflection on the water; and, just as he commenced descending the declivity, he was startled by the clang of the bell on board the brig, which announced that it was eight o'clock, and sounded wonderfully strange amid the solitude and silence which reigned around. As he descended the hill, however, he began to give some thought to his own personal appearance.

Sleeping in a woodman's hut on a heap of skins, or in the open air, night after night, and pushing his way through thickets of brushwood, and fording rapid streams, day after day, for nearly a month, taking his chance of rain or sunshine as he travelled onward, had not improved the condition of the only suit of clothing he had with him. His cloak, coat, and trowsers, new when he quitted St. Louis, and made of stout and serviceable cloth, were begrimed with mud and dust, and worn almost threadbare. His broad-brimmed felt hat was crushed out of all semblance of its original shape, and stained of many colours by the sun and rain; while he possessed but one more change of clean linen, which it was necessary that he should retain until he drew near his ultimate destination. His shoes, how-

* Until the year 1831 Chicago continued to be a mere trading-post, hardly known save to the settlers on the shores of Lake Michigan. In 1836 it began to increase rapidly in extent and population, and in 1864 it had become a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with 7,627 dwellings, 54 schools, 61 churches, and 196 manufactoryes. Ten years later, in 1864, the population had doubled, and it is now the largest and most thriving city of the North West.

ever, were worst of all. They too had been new when he started on his journey; but now the wet and the sun together had cracked and split the upper leathers in every direction, while the soles and heels were almost completely worn out. He certainly did not present a very creditable appearance, and in England would have stood a fair chance of being apprehended and placed in the stocks as a vagrant. However, he bethought him that he was in a country in which the outer garments of a traveller attract little attention. If a traveller through the backwoods possess garments to protect him from the cold or rain, it is all that he requires. So, casting aside all thought of his dress, he slowly continued his descent, wearied with an unusually long day's journey, and soon entered the settlement. He passed a wigwam, the curtain of which was still raised, and, looking in, saw that the man was asleep. The squaw, however, looked up from the mat upon which she was reposing as he passed by; and the "papoose," suspended from the triangle in its curved, bark cradle, kept its large black eyes fixed upon him as long as he remained in sight.

Another Indian, as he passed on, bade him "Sago, sago" (the customary Indian salutation), and turned into his wigwam without further remark, supposing him to be a trader on a visit to the settlement; and a few more steps brought him to the cabins of the white settlers. Now the dogs gave the alarm at the approach of a stranger, and a chorus of loud barking roused the traders, who had not yet lain down to sleep. The men came to the doors of the cabins, and gave the customary challenge—"Who comes here?"

"A friend," replied Henry.

"Whar from, friend?"

"From St. Louis, bound to the lake shore farther north."

"What's yer trade, stranger?"

"I have no pelfrey. I'm on a visit to the settlement at Watertown."

A few more questions were asked and answered, and the weary traveller was invited into the largest cabin to repose for the night. The neighbours came in to learn all the particulars of the stranger's journey, and the news he brought from St. Louis; and while the females, who were the wife and daughter of the keeper of the trading-post, prepared supper for their guest, the trader brought forth a demijohn of whisky, and produced tin pannikins and water, and after bidding his guest to help himself, extended the same invitation to the company generally. Hard drinking, however, is not usually a besetting vice of backwoodsmen. It is necessary for them to be ever on the alert, and drunkenness would soon unfit them for their calling. All, therefore, were content with a moderate potation, to drink welcome and success to the stranger; and when Henry Talbot had eaten heartily of the venison-steaks the women soon set before him, a bear-skin was given him for his bed, and he at once retired to rest, and soon afterwards profound repose rested upon the lonely settlement, where, at the present day, the busy hum of human activity never ceases by day or night.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE JOURNEY FROM THE TRADING-POST OF CHICAGO TO THAT OF MILWAUKIE.

The remainder of the journey to Watertown was, as Henry Talbot was informed, very fatiguing, the path leading across morasses and through dense forests, while the settlers' cabins were few and far between; and as he had yet more than fifty miles to travel, he gladly accepted the invitation of his new friends to remain and rest for a day or two at the trading-post.

As a matter of course, they soon discovered that their guest was an Englishman, and also, as a matter of course, they were very anxious to persuade him that everything he saw or met with in America was immeasurably superior to anything of the kind in England or any other part of the world.

"Waall neow, I dew expect," said the master of the station, while he and Henry were strolling along the shore of the lake the next morning—"I dew expect es this yer grand kintry o' eourn whips all creation. I reckon you'll allow that, stranger? Look tew this yere lake, neow. I har es in the old kintry they arn't got no lakes es is bigger nor puddles, nor no rivers es is worth speakin' on 'longside o' eourn. I guess heow you'll be flabbergasted, soun'e, when yer larn es old Michegan is on'y won o' half a dozen big lakes—lakes o' fresh water, mind yer. None o' yer salt-water pison, es arn't fit for nothin' but tew sail ships on."

"I have heard and read of the great American lakes," replied Henry. "Still, I grant that no one can form any correct impression of their vastness nor of their beauty without having seen them."

"I reckon he'd be a moosical sorter coon es could," returned the trading-master. "That ar brig yer see yonder, hev fought agin es heavy gales o' wind, I've hard say, es ever blowed on the Atlantic. When it blows on the lake, it *dew* blow rattlesnakes, I kin tell ye—nothin' shorter. And then, stranger, look tew eour mountins, eour perearies, eour forests; look tew eour sile, which stretches cout west tew the settin' sun; look tew eour produce, eour manufacturs; look tew the bright sun, which shines deown upon us, and *say*, stranger, ef we arn't an everlastin' tall people?"

Henry acknowledged that the Americans had much to be proud of; and, at length, satisfied on this all-absorbing subject, the trading-master began to question the young man relative to his own private affairs.

"So you'm come tew settle deown on this yere sile o' freedom, eh Mister? Druv eout from hum by tyranny, I expect?"

"I came from England in the hope to benefit myself," replied Henry. "Whether I remain in America or return home will depend upon circumstances. As yet, I cannot say that my anticipations have been realised, nor do my future prospects appear very bright."

"Just like yew Britishers. Never will allow tew the trewth. Allers *air* riled at the overshadderin greatness of eour glorious kintry, and eour everlastin' insti-totions.

"Ef yer don't like what yer see, why don't yer stay tew hum 'long o' the deown-trodden millions of Europe?"

"Saay, stranger, hev yer got any money wi' yer? Ef yer hev, never wor a better time fur layin' on it eout in land."

"The little money I brought with me from England was lost, with all my other effects, in the Gulf of Mexico."

"What on airth be yer goin' to dew to Watertown ef yer h'a'n't got no money, friend?"

"I am going to seek for employment. I may not, however, remain there long. I shall probably travel eastward towards the Atlantic States. My present object is to seek some persons of the name of Aston, who have been settled in the neighbourhood of Watertown for many years. Perhaps you may be able to give me some information respecting them?"

"Aston d'y'e say? Don't know no sich folks, friend: Stay, though—Aston! Ay, now I think on't, there war a miserable old crittur, name o' Aston, es owned all the

land a'most, 'tween Mississip', and the lake-shore. But he've been dead many a year, he hev. His darter marr'd on tew a Britisher, name o' Morton or some sich. In coarse the land went wi' her, and when the settlements round the lake began tew spring up, and they got tew puttin' vessels on tew the waters of old Michigan, this yere Morton got tew be very rich. He owns Watertown, and all the land along the lake-shore, north tew *Fond de lac*, they say, and I hev heard heow he hev a son and darter; but I never seen none o' em."

"Morton!" exclaimed Henry. "Still," he continued, "there may be some relation of the old man of whom you have spoken yet living?"

"Not 'long the lake-shore, old hoss, I reckon.

"I calkilate heow I know the name o' every settler 'long the shore up tew Green Bay, and there arn't no single coon o' the name o' Aston 'mong 'em all."

"I must be mistaken, then," replied the young Englishman. "Still, I should like to see these Mortons. They own some of the vessels on the lake, perhaps?"

"The old man *dew*—own poaty consider'ble nigh the hull on 'em. Ef yer a mind to try yer luck on board won o' them, yer can't dew better, friend, than tew curry favour 'long o' old Morton."

"He is still at Watertown?"

"He arn't nowhere else es I knows on, Mister," replied the trading-master; and so the conversation ended, and on the following morning Henry Talbot again set forth on his journey.

His conversation with the trading-master, however, furnished him with food for strange thought. He recollects now that the merchant at St. Louis had on more than one occasion spoken of a Mister Morton, when alluding to Mr. Aston; and it was very singular that this Mr. Morton should in every respect answer to the description of Mr. Aston, as well in regard to his property as to his family, and that he should have inherited his wealth through his marriage with the only child of Mr. Aston—the original owner of the property. Already he began to entertain a suspicion that Mr. Aston and Mr. Morton were one and the same person, and that both were identical with his old friend of St. David, since, as there was little communication between the settlers who lived at wide distances apart on the lake shore, it was not at all improbable that the trading-master had not yet heard of Mr. Morton's departure for England.

He also thought it strange that—if his suspicions were correct—Mr. Morton should bear the surname of his (Henry Talbot's) mother's family, and that he should wish to conceal his name from his friends in England. He recollects the marked kindness with which the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston had treated his sister and himself, after a very brief acquaintance; and he began to wonder whether there really was any connection between them. Perhaps some suspicion of the truth already existed in his mind; but, as he expected to reach Watertown in a few days, and might then discover that the trading-master was not so well informed as to his neighbour's affairs as he professed to be, he would not allow his suspicions to acquire a firm hold of his mind, until he should reach his destination and learn the facts himself.

CHAPTER XXX.—HENRY TALBOT ARRIVES AT THE TRADING-POST AT MILWAUKIE, AND PROCEEDS THENCE TO WATERTOWN.

HENRY TALBOT would now have gladly pursued his journey through the forest; but, fearful of losing his way, he still kept the path along the lake shore. This

was the most solitary portion of his long journey. The direct distance he had yet to travel was but sixty miles; but his progress was necessarily slow, owing to the number of tributary streams running into the lake, which he had to cross, many of which were not fordable for some distance from the shore. He often wished he had adopted the practice of the Indians, and brought with him, strapped to his back, a light bark canoe, which he could have launched at any moment, and taken up again when he had crossed the stream. He would thus have saved himself many miles of weary travel.

There were at that period few settlers on the lake-shore between Chicago and the next trading-post, and for three days he did not come across a hut or cabin, nor meet a solitary human being. Wandering on, hour after hour, day after day, he felt himself, as it were, the sole inhabitant of an apparently depopulated world. The lap of the water, as it broke in tiny waves upon the sandy shore, and the solemn note of the solitary bittern, as it rose from the sedgy marshes, were the only sounds that broke the awful stillness of nature for hours together. Strange thoughts and fancies sometimes occupied his mind as he lay awake at midnight, stretched beneath the spreading branches of some forest tree, and gazed through the quivering foliage at the canopy of heaven, appearing, as seen through the clear atmosphere, at a vastly greater distance from the earth than it had ever appeared before to his eyes, and studded with myriads of glittering stars, which seemed to shine with tenfold greater brightness than they shone "at home;" for there were visible the same constellations that he had so often gazed upon from the garden of his parents' residence in Wiltshire, four thousand miles distant.

It is no marvel that the aborigines of America, dwelling from infancy amid the silent forests, possessed a religion, which, with all its errors, was more impregnated with a feeling of awe and reverence of the great Father of Spirits than the religion of any other savage race. No marvel that they felt the presence of the *Manitou* in the howling of the wind amid the forest trees, in the roar of the cataract, in the drear solitude of the mountains, the gloomy depths of the valleys, or the awful silence of the forest in the midnight hour.

The lonely hunter or backwoodsman, isolated from his fellow man—rude and uncultivated as he is—is almost universally impressed with religious feelings, quaint and imperfect, and imbued with his own peculiar prejudices though these feelings be. Far more calculated to impress the mind with feelings of awe and veneration than the grandest cathedrals erected for the services of religion by men's hands, with all their swelling music and pomp of worship, are the vast solitudes of ocean, with the solemn murmur of the winds, which come from afar and sweep with mournful cadence over the vast expanse of heaving billows; the dark, gloomy forest at midnight, with the mysterious whispers of the breeze amidst its foliage; the loud rolling of the thunder amid the mountain passes; while the vivid lightning illuminates the valleys with its vivid glare; or the roar of the mighty cataract that causes the earth to tremble. It was not without reason that the keeper of the trading-post had boasted of the greatness of his native land.

The most striking peculiarity of American landscape, whether in the torrid, temperate, or frigid zones, is the "vastness" which is characteristic of its every feature. Other portions of the world may, and assuredly do, possess a greater variety of charming scenery within limited spaces; but the western hemisphere possesses (with the exception of a few isolated peaks of the Hima-

layahs) the loftiest and longest mountain ranges; the widest, longest, and most rapid rivers; the greatest expanse of lakes; the mightiest waterfalls; the most extensive meadow-lands, or prairies, and the largest and grandest, and, I may add, the most gloomily-picturesque forests in the world. In no other situation—save, perhaps, amid the solitude of the ocean at the midnight hour—is the mind so liable to be impressed with the majesty of creation, as when the traveller finds himself, for the first time in his life, alone in the heart of one of these vast, silent forests.

Strongly as he had been inclined to venture, Henry Talbot had never yet penetrated into the depths of the primeval forest that now covered the soil over which he sped his way. He still kept the lake shore, and at the end of the fifth day arrived at the trading-post which then occupied the site of the now thriving lake port of Milwaukie. It presented a similar appearance to that which he had lately quitted, though, Milwaukie occupying a more central position on the lake shore, the shipping interest was better represented. Off the port two brigs and five schooners lay at anchor, and several fishermen and Indians were plying their calling in boats and canoes.

Although Henry carried a knapsack to contain provisions for his journey, which he replenished at every opportunity, always contriving to procure a small supply from every settler with whom he put up for the night, it not unfrequently happened that he found himself hungry and with an empty wallet at the end of a day's journey, and such was the case at present. His first care, therefore, after he had received and returned the hearty greetings which always meet the wayfarer in the Far-west when he enters a settlement or cabin, was to satisfy his hunger, after which he was ready to respond to the customary questions relative to the object of his journey, that were put to him by the semi-amphibious, half-backwoodsmen, half-fishermen of the settlement.

"This place, you say, is Milwaukie?" he said, in response to some remark made by one of the settlers.

"Waal, stranger, 't'a'in't nothin' else, I guess."

"What is the distance from here to Watertown?"

"What on airth be you a goin' to do to Watertown?"

"I wish to find some people of the name of Aston. But I asked you the distance hence to Watertown."

"Goin' tew Waterteoun to seek arter owd Aston, whom bin dead nigh on tew twenty year! But don't yew get riled, stranger, when you're arxed a civil question. Waterteoun's 'bout twenty mile off, right slick threw the Forrest, and 'bout forty, ef yer foller the bends o' the river. But if yer want tew find owd Aston, yer'll hev to sarch for him under the sile."

"Who, then, is the proprietor of the land hereabouts?"

"Waal, I reckon heow Squire Morton owns pooty much all the sile from the lake-shore west'ard and nor'ard es fur es yer could chase a buffler in a three-days' run; but the squire's been away tew Europe nigh on tew twelvemonths, so yer wun't find *him*, friend. His son an' darter be tew hum, ef they'll sarve yer purpose?"

"At all events I shall go on, since I have travelled so far. The nearest road is through the forest?"

"Yer arn't nothin' else to dew but tew foller the track on a bee-line, right slick threw, ef yer kin *keep* it, 'till yer come eout at Waterteoun."

"Is it a large settlement?"

"Tain't much more'n squire's heouse, an' won or tew log-cabins, whar the hired folk live tew. Owd Squire Aston's log-heouse used fur tew stand on the *precise*,

identical, parteek'lar spot whar Squire Morton's big heouse stands neow. Squire Morton's made a pile o' money, he hev. All these yere vessels yer see, an' pooty nigh all the vessels on Lake Michegan, and most o' the land 'long the sou-west shore, belongs tew him, I reckon. 'Twar a lucky spec' fur him when he marr'd old Squire Aston's darter."

Here the conversation ended, and Henry was now pretty well satisfied that Mr. Aston and Mr. Morton were one and the same individual. He resolved, at all events, to seek Mr. Morton's son at Watertown, and, by questioning him, to make it certain that his suspicions were correct. This he thought he could manage without betraying his own acquaintanceship with the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston of St. David.

Could he have made his appearance at Watertown in a decent garb, and in an independent condition, he would not have hesitated to ask for an explanation of the apparent mystery. But in his present condition, with an almost empty purse, with soiled and tattered garments, almost shoeless, tanned by the sun to the colour of an Indian, and in search of employment, he was doubtful whether his professed intimacy with the father would be agreeable to the son and daughter.

At all events, he thought that if Mr. Morton really owned most of the vessels on the lake, it was probable that he might obtain from the "young squire"—as the son was styled by the settlers—the employment he was seeking. So he remained at Milwaukie until the next morning, and then, having donned his last change of clean linen, and done his best to make himself as presentable, or rather, I should say, as little like a scarecrow as was possible under the untoward circumstances, he set forth at an early hour, and took the forest path towards Watertown.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

PERHAPS there is no rule so little used and so much abused as the one, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" or, to put it into household English, "Do as you would be done by." Where many decline to act, or find some excuse for not acting upon it, most are ready to complain when it is neglected by others in the treatment of themselves. Whatever any one thinks or does, it is always and clearly his neighbour's business to keep this rule. It is indeed counted "golden" by all, being often considered too precious to be spent or bestowed on another, and yet such as every one wishes to be applied to himself.

I have said that there is no rule so little used and so much abused. Let me try and make this clearer by illustrating both sides of my assertion. First, let us look at the neglect of it. We too often make ourselves the centre of our consideration. There is a vile Dutch proverb, expressing, some may think, the secret of that nation's thirstiness, which says, "Self is the man." But I fear it has a wider application than the limits of that people. Look at the ruling motive of, I might say, all commerce and trade, great and small—Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market. Well. Men of business must live; and yet, surely Christian men of business should look not only at the profit they can make by legitimate trading, but at the essential equity of their transactions. There is many a stroke of business done which is defensible by the established laws of commerce, but which, judged by the highest morality, that of the Golden Rule, is very questionable, to say the best of it. Take an example. A picture-dealer sees

a dingy-looking portrait in a poor broker's shop, ticketed a few shillings. His experienced eye perceives that it is worth many pounds. Now, he is permitted by the laws of trade to reap the benefit of his knowledge, and make five hundred per cent. of his purchase. But, however little the small broker may have paid for the picture, it is evident that he thinks it of little value, by the slight profit he proposes to make by its sale. Now, how ought a scrupulously honest man, who wishes to do as he would be done by, to treat the little broker? Shall he buy the picture at its paltry price, carefully concealing his perception of the prize he has found, or pay such a price as would leave himself only a fair profit? How about the rule, "Do as you would be done by?"

I have taken a solitary case. But there arise many analogous ones in all businesses. How can a Christian trader take advantage of another's ignorance? It is, I grant you, a complicated question. Directly we enter into it we seem to be half stifled by the bewildering atmosphere of casuistry. I doubt, however, whether commerce is not often sorely poisoned, and the moral sense of many who live by it confused by much legitimate sharpness. There is all the difference between regular trading, in which commercial skill gives one dealer a superiority over another, and chance opportunities for a special bargain which are perceived by a shrewd man. Must he try to discriminate between the advantages which educated experience gives him, and those which arise from the exceptional ignorance or embarrassment of another? Surely he ought, according to the Golden Rule. It would not spoil the good savour of his name, the steady progress of his business, and the accumulation of his money, if he refrained from making more than a fair market gain out of each transaction he engaged in. A really great bargain generally involves a really great loss by some unfortunate man who is in a corner. Now, may his special perplexity or inexperience be made into capital by a Christian man of business? Depend upon it, the Golden Rule must come in here. Never mind whether the custom of trade permits the bargain. There is a higher law, which hinders no fair profit, but ever raises its protest against these "strokes of business."

We have hitherto looked at the application of our rule in the conduct of the larger transactions of trade and commerce. It is equally needful, and I fear equally neglected, in common craft and handiwork. What is the custom of "making the most of a job," as it is called, but an expedient for getting more money out of an employer or customer than he wants to spend? How difficult it is to get rid of a workman out of your house when once he has begun to make some chips and noise there! He is a good sort of fellow, no doubt, honest, sober, industrious, after his fashion; but how obvious his effort to spread the job over as wide a space and time as he can! How he potters, mislays his tools, goes to "shop" to fetch this, that, and the other! How persistently he forgets to finish up! You seem powerless. He is such a civil man to talk to, and appears so interested in his work; is so suggestive, intelligent, and skilful, that you hardly know how to complain. And yet, you are sure that he is needlessly spinning out the business in hand. You long to get rid of him: he knows you do. Nay, you tell him so, and he responds with a smile. The fact is, your interest of itself is nothing to him. Of course it is his interest that the work should be well done, that the credit of the trade should not be lowered; but as long as he fulfils the requirements of his craft, he imposes himself upon you with a tedious persistency, which makes many a householder dread the very sight of an "intelligent artisan" within his doors.

After a civil inaccessible fashion he systematically declines to act on the rule, "Do as you would be done by." This is a small matter, one may think, and must be made the best of; but it is not a wholesome thing that large numbers of respectable men, clever and steady at their trade, should, apparently on principle, ignore the convenience and legitimate wishes of those who employ them, looking at their work simply with an eye to make it go as far as possible, and produce the most pay at the least pains, quite irrespectively of the wants and purpose of the person for whom the work is done.

In handicraft, as in commerce, we must admit that there is a serious neglect of the Golden Rule. The illustrations I have given may suggest others to those who know anything of business. The same selfishness crops up in a hundred shapes. We see the spirit of the Dutch proverb, "Zelf is de man." "Self's the man," in more English work than one likes to think of. Indeed it is rendered, in our language, by one which is even worse than the other, inasmuch as it presents itself with an air and in a dress of piety, saying, "Every man for himself, and God for us all"—an utter perversion of, or rather, I should say, radical opposition to, the Christian order of obedience, in which the first commandment is duty to God, and the second to our neighbour, self being left out altogether as a chief object of our work—the concluding moral of a discourse about the law being, therefore, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I need hardly say that a neglect of the Golden Rule is by no means confined to commerce, trade, and handicraft.* It infects more than our relation to strangers in the current business of life. It creeps into the household, and keeps up those little sores which are too often the curse of a family, the fly in the ointment of home love. It is not only master and servant, mistress and maid, that often forget to do as they would be done by, failing in that mutual consideration which alone keeps the wheels of the family waggon greased; but in the kitchen and the parlour, round the fire and the table, the neglect of the Golden Rule, in home chat, and in the interchange of those little duties which are too small and too many to be reckoned up on paper, lies the difference between domestic happiness and discomfort. Try it, my friend. Just make it a special aim for one day to study the ease and convenience—nay, the little harmless whims and fancies, of your own home circle. Contrive to check the querulous or caustic expression of your own opinion. Be ready to hear what others say, and to take interest in what interests them. You will see a result, probably at once. You will feel your humour react upon yourself. It is catching as well as cheering. Suppose you find some one specially pleasant. You can't say exactly what he or she has done to make pleasantness; but something—some influence has flowed in upon you which makes you see things in a better light, and judge them in a gentler temper. You have been treated as you wish. You have been done to as you would in the little matters of home. You have felt kindness. You have enjoyed the application of the Golden Rule in small things. Well, it is in your power to communicate to others the pleasant sensation which you have felt yourself. Try it. Try it fairly, honestly, and you will find that you possess a very talisman, a source of cheery

* A happy application of the Golden Rule was made by Mr. Adams, the American minister, in replying to an Address, on his much-regretted departure from this country: "I believe," said Mr. Adams, "the sum of all true diplomacy is to be found in the Christian maxim of doing unto your neighbour that which you would he should do unto you. If all nations were to carry that into practice there would be no wars to follow controversies and disputes."

atmosphere, which will make you feel twice as rich as you were before—nay, will really make you richer, for you have so far been in receptive contact with the rich Spirit of grace, who sheds his influence not only in those mighty works which move a people, but does not forget the lesser charms of life, any more than the sun which sheds its light and warmth upon a crowd of worlds, fails to tint and cheer the daisy on a lawn. You have so far been in receptive contact with the Spirit whose law is "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But I have said that there is no rule more abused than the Golden one. Let us look at this side of the matter. If we are to do as we should be done by, we must wish to be "done by" honestly. No law of the Lord is overridden by falsehood or injustice. Right must ever be the root of the Golden Rule.

Of course the case of a thief, who might wish me to drop my purse in the road he was walking, and so be "done by" as he would, is not to the point I am making for, since he would be himself unwilling to drop his; but I can imagine a case in which we might seem to be keeping the Golden Rule, and yet be far from doing right.

A beggar presents himself before me in the way. I think, "Poor man, if I were he, I should be very glad of an alms," and I give him a coin. Now, am I thus really keeping the rule to do as I would be done by? Is my act a kindly departure from the severe rules of political economy, by which we seek to check pauperism and imposture? Does not the beggar heartily desire alms? If I were a beggar, would not I desire them? Do not I do as I would be done by if I bestow them upon him? Yes, indeed, if so be that I have a beggar's soul, or can really identify myself with one who makes it his business to live upon alms, who is willing to accept, nay, to seek, the proceeds of work solely by refusing to do any work at all. The business of the beggar is to feed upon that which is directly or indirectly the result of some one's labour. He dislikes toil. He dislikes the restraints of productive industry, and he himself produces nothing, except it be a brood of beggars in prospective, and some increment towards the pauperism of a people, with the additional item of confusion in the sense of the word charity.

I have referred to professional beggars; but what I say has many applications. When we are asked to do as we would be done by, and our good nature, frequently the child of mere selfishness, is appealed to, we are bound to consider not merely whether, if we were in the petitioner's place, we should like to have our petition granted, but whether it ought to be granted. No man has a right to expect his desire to be granted unless he desires what is just and right. We must ask whether the person who wants help considers himself alone in his prayer. If he considers himself alone, we merely encourage selfishness by granting it. We promote that very vice which causes the right use of the Golden Rule to be neglected.

There is room for much more kindness in the world, but there is daily proof that much apparent kindness, such as is often received with profuse thanks, is really not true kindness, but the stimulant of mischievous dependence.

Let us, then, not suppose that the Golden Rule is kept by a mere compliance with the wishes or importunities of others. He who gave it did, according to the record of his work, by no means gratify the requests of all who appealed to him.

While, therefore, we may do wrong by yielding to

selfishness in our refusal to act upon the Golden Rule, we must take care lest we overshoot the mark, and encourage by our deed that very fault which we wish to strive against ourselves. We must do as we would be done by when the deed may fairly be demanded of us, but we must not do as we would be done by when the petitioner is unjustified in his request.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.

II.

CONTINUING our extracts from the Queen's book,* we give the first impressions of Balmoral:—

"Balmoral, Friday, Sept. 8, 1848.

We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hill rises all round.

There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room—next to which is our bed-room, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Mrs. Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate, and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Luggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine."

No wonder that the Queen became more and more attached to her Highland home, especially after the improvements which were the result of Prince Albert's constant and personal superintendence. She thus wrote of it after eight years' experience:—

"October 13, 1856.

Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."

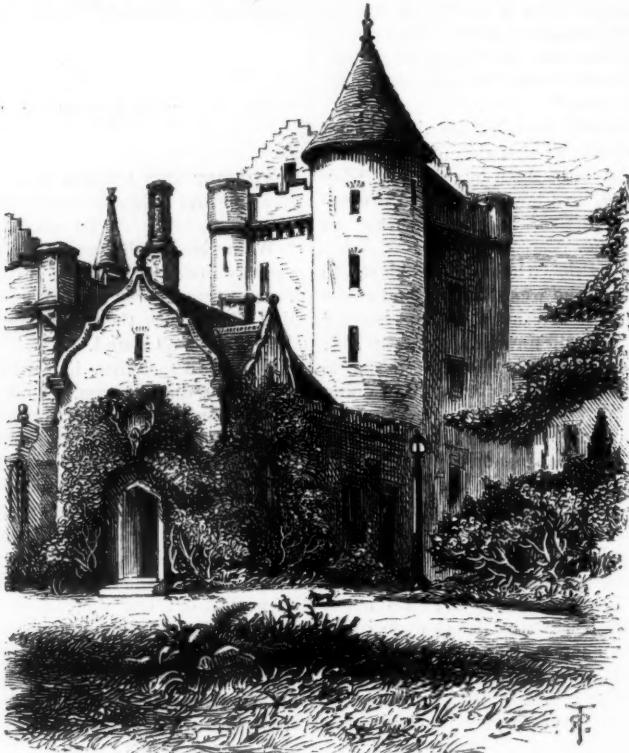
On one occasion it began to snow on the day fixed for leaving Balmoral, and she almost wished they might

* In our first notice we expressed the wish to see a "People's Edition." The announcement has since appeared of its publication at half-a-crown. We are glad to hear that the work has been reprinted, and sold in America by hundreds of thousands. We hear, also, of translations into various languages.

be snowed-up, so loth was she to leave "the dear Highlands."

"Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to; our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people

fine hills so much. There is a great peculiarity about the Highlands and Highlanders; and they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a



BALMORAL AS IT WAS.

who went with us I had got to like so much. Oh! liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them us."

The Queen was delighted with these people, and chose



BALMORAL AS IT IS.

And then, on reaching England, she feels the contrast:—

"The English coast appeared terribly flat. Lord Aberdeen was quite touched when I told him I was so attached to the dear, dear Highlands, and missed the

from among them her most trusted attendants. She says, in one part of her journal, "All the Highlanders are so amusing, and really pleasant and instructive to talk to—women as well as men—and the latter so gentlemanlike." In another passage she observes, "We

were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders, with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good-breeding, simplicity, and intelligence which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them."

tralia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighbourhood of Balmoral; and the youngest, Archie (Archibald), is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man."

And, if Her Majesty can speak thus generously of her



GRANT HOTEL, GRANTOWN.

From among these men she chose some of her most trusted servants. Thus, she speaks of Mr. Grant, her head keeper, in these terms:—

"He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon—nine as keeper. He was born in Braemar in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine, intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons. The second, Alick, is wardrobe-man to our son Leopold. All are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine, hale, old woman of eighty years, 'stops' in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He himself lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him."

She allots another note to Mr. John Brown:—

"The same who, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. (December, 1865). He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers—three of whom have died—two are in Aus-

servants, they were not insensible to such kindness, and could speak enthusiastically of their master and mistress. The Queen says on one occasion:—

"We then rode on, Albert talking so gaily with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me, in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content." ' Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown [said], 'Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said, they certainly did."

Towards her servants the Queen has always shown a spirit of kindness and consideration worthy of imitation. The usages of modern society have so widely departed from the old patriarchal system, and from the relations of feudal life, that it is only by moral influence the good order and kindly feeling of a household can be sustained. The truth of the saying, that "good mistresses make good servants," is well illustrated in the household of the Queen. Thoughtful and just treatment is met by the most faithful attachment and attentive service. This is the case in all the royal homes, and especially at Balmoral, where the loyal spirit of Highland retainership is super-added to ordinary domestic bonds.

It was at Balmoral that the Queen received the sad and startling news of the Duke of Wellington's death:—

"Alt-na-Guithasach, Thursday, Sept. 16, 1852.

We were startled this morning, at seven o'clock, by a letter from Colonel Phipps, enclosing a telegraphic despatch, with the report, from the sixth edition of the 'Sun,' of the Duke of Wellington's death the day before yesterday, which report, however, we did not at all believe. Would to God that we had been right, and this day had not been cruelly saddened in the afternoon!

We got off our ponies, and I had just sat down to sketch, when Mackenzie returned, saying my watch was safe at home, and bringing letters; amongst them there was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and, alas!

it contained the confirmation of the fatal news—that England's, or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced, was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!

Lord Derby enclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley, saying that his dear great father had died on Tuesday, at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come; the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a loss! One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero!

In him centred almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the Sovereign; and how simply he carried these honours! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided! The Crown never possessed, and I fear never will, so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To us (who, alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends), his loss is irreparable; for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times—with the last century."

At Balmoral, also, in 1855, she hears of the fall of Sebastopol, and Albert, Bertie (Albert, Prince of Wales), Ministers of State, pipers, gillies, all go off to light the bonfire on the hill. Here, too, Vicky (Victoria, the Princess Royal) is betrothed to the Prussian heir apparent:—

"He had already spoken to us of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

Many anecdotes have been told about the visits paid by the Queen to the cottages of the poor, and her own account of some of her visits to old Highland women will be read with deep interest.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her a warm petticoat; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's), to visit old widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may he ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

We went into three other cottages—to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an 'unwell boy'; then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair, the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're over kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself'; and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm: I always say just what I think, not what is fit' (fit). Dear old lady, she is such a pleasant person.

Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

The change from the noise and bondage and ceremony of Court life in London to the quiet and freedom and independence of Balmoral was always welcome, but even in the Highlands the Queen took delight occasionally in seeking the still more complete freedom of moving about *incognito*. The following is her account of one of the incidents of those expeditions.

"A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, one a kind of barouche, into which Albert and I got, Lady Churchill and General Grey into the other—a break; each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses, driven by a man from the box. Grant was on our carriage, and Brown on the other. We had gone so far forty miles, at least twenty on horseback. We had decided to call ourselves 'Lord and Lady Churchill and party,' Lady Churchill passing as Miss Spencer, and General Grey as Dr. Grey! Brown once forgot this, and called me 'Your Majesty,' as I was getting into the carriage; and Grant on the box once called Albert 'Your Royal Highness,' which set us off laughing, but no one observed it.

We had a long three hours' drive; it was six o'clock when we got into the carriage. We were soon out of the wood, and came upon the Badenoch-road—passing close by Kinrara, but, unfortunately, not through it, which we ought to have done. It was very beautiful—fine wooded hills, the high Cairngorm range, and Ben Muich Dhui, unfortunately much obscured by the mist on the top, and the broad Spey flowing in the valley, with cultivated fields and fine trees below. Most striking, however, on our whole long journey was the utter, and to me very refreshing, solitude. Hardly a habitation! and hardly meeting a soul! It gradually grew dark. We stopped at a small halfway house for the horses to take some water, and the few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles.

The mountains gradually disappeared—the evening was mild, with a few drops of rain. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling 'toun,' and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly, Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase, and were shown to our bedroom at the top of it—very small, but clean—with a large fourpost bed which nearly filled the whole room. Opposite was the drawing and dining-room in one—very tidy and well-sized. Then came the room where Albert dressed, which was very small. The two maids (Jane Shackle was with me) had driven over by another

road in a waggonette, Stewart driving them. Made ourselves 'clean and tidy,' and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were 'bashful' and did not. A ringletted woman did everything, and, when dinner was over, removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own, which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old English fashion. After dinner, I tried to write part of this account (but the talking round me confused me), while Albert played at 'patience.' Then went away, to begin undressing, and it was about half-past eleven when we got to bed."

"Wednesday, September 5.

A misty, rainy morning. Had not slept very soundly. We got up rather early, and sat working and reading in the drawing-room till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait for some little time. Good tea and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge. Jane Shackle (who was very useful and attentive) said they had all supped together—namely, the two maids, and Grant, Brown, Stewart, and Walker (who was still there), and were very merry in the 'commercial room.' The people were very amusing about us. The woman came in while they were at their dinner, and said to Grant, 'Dr. Grey wants you,' which nearly upset the gravity of all the others. Then they told Jane, 'Your lady gives no trouble,' and Grant in the morning called up to Jane, 'Does his lordship want me?' One could look on the street, which is a very long wide one, with detached houses, from our window. It was perfectly quiet, no one stirring, except here and there a man driving a cart, or a boy going along on his errand. General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for £2."

Messrs. Brown and Grant were afterwards taken mildly to task for not waiting at table:—

"We mounted our ponies a short way out of the town, but only rode for a few minutes, as it was past two o'clock. We came upon a beautiful view, looking down upon the Avon and up a fine glen. There we rested and took luncheon. While Brown was unpacking and arranging our things, I spoke to him and to Grant, who was helping, about not having waited on us, as they ought to have done, at dinner last night and at breakfast, as we had wished; and Brown answered, he was afraid he should not do it rightly. I replied, we did not wish to have a stranger in the room, and they must do so another time."

From the account of the "Second great Expedition," undertaken in September, 1861, we take the following:—

"SECOND GREAT EXPEDITION—TO FETTERCAIRN.

Friday, Sept. 20, 1861.

At a quarter past seven o'clock we reached the small quiet town, or rather village, of Fettercairn, for it was very small—not a creature stirring—and we got out at a quiet little inn, 'Ramsay Arms,' quite unobserved, and went at once upstairs. There was a very nice drawing-room, and next to it a dining-room, both very clean and tidy, then to the left our bedroom, which was excessively small, but also very clean and neat, and much better furnished than at Grantown. Alice had a nice room, the same size as ours; then came a mere morsel of one (with a 'press-bed'), in which Albert dressed; and then came Lady Churchill's bedroom just beyond. Louis and General Grey had rooms in an hotel, called the Temperance Hotel, opposite. We dined at eight, a very nice, clean, good dinner. Grant and Brown waited. They were rather nervous, but General Grey and Lady Churchill carved, and they had only to change the plates, which Brown soon got into the

way of doing. A little girl of the house came in to help, but Grant turned her round to prevent her looking at us. The landlord and landlady knew who we were, but no one else except the coachman, and they kept the secret admirably.

The evening being bright and moonlight and very still, we all went out, and walked through the whole village, where not a creature moved; through the principal little square, in the middle of which was a sort of pillar or town cross on steps, and Louis read, by the light of the moon, a proclamation for collections of charities which was stuck on it. We walked on along a lane a short way, hearing nothing whatever—not a leaf moving—but the distant barking of a dog! Suddenly we heard drums and fifes! We were greatly alarmed, fearing we had been recognised; but Louis and General Grey, who went back, saw nothing whatever. Still, as we walked slowly back, we heard the noise from time to time; and when we reached the inn door we stopped, and saw six men march up with fifes and a drum (not a creature taking any notice of them), go down the street and back again. Grant and Brown were out, but had no idea of what it could be. Albert asked the little maid, and the answer was, 'It's just a band,' and that it walked about in this way twice a week. How odd! It went on playing some time after we got home. We sat till half-past ten working, and Albert reading, and then retired to rest.

"Saturday, Sept. 21.

Got to sleep after two or three o'clock. The morning was dull and close, and misty, with a little rain; hardly any one stirring, but a few people at their work. A traveller had arrived at night, and wanted to come up into the dining-room, which is the 'commercial travellers' room,' and they had difficulty in telling him he could not stop there. He joined Grant and Brown at their tea, and on his asking 'What's the matter here?' Grant answered, 'It's a wedding party from Aberdeen. At the Temperance Hotel they were very anxious to know whom they had got. All, except General Grey, breakfasted a little before nine. Brown acted as my servant, brushing my skirts and boots, and taking any message, and Grant as Albert's valet.'

In the account of this second expedition, there is a note of melancholy interest. The Queen writes how Grant told her in May, 1862, that when they were returning, the Prince Consort, while giving directions as to the planting of Glen Muich, which he intended as a deer forest for the Prince of Wales, said to Grant, alluding to the finishing of the planting, "You and I may be dead and gone before that." The Queen adds, "In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself. He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared." In returning, a sociable, which had belonged to the Duchess of Kent, was brought out, and vividly reminded her Majesty of the recent death of her mother, and "made her sad in the midst of much that was so pleasant."

In an account of the "Third great Expedition," we find the following amusing piece:—

"ARRIVAL AT DALWHINNIE.

At length, and not till a quarter to nine, we reached the inn of Dalwhinnie—twenty-nine miles from where we had left our ponies—which stands by itself, away from any village. Here, again, there were a few people assembled, and I thought they knew us; but it seems they did not, and it was only when we arrived that one of the maids recognised me. She had seen me at Aber-

deen and Edinburgh. We went upstairs; the inn was much larger than at Fettercairn, but not nearly so nice and cheerful; there was a drawing-room and a dining-



BRUAR FALLS, BLAIR ATHOLE.

room, and we had a very good-sized bed-room. Albert had a dressing-room of equal size. Mary Andrews (who was very useful and efficient) and Lady Churchill's maid, had a room together, every one being in the house; but unfortunately there was hardly anything to eat, and there was only tea, and two miserable starved Highland chickens, without any potatoes! No pudding, and no fun; no little maid (the two there not wishing to come in), nor our two people—who were wet and drying our and their things—to wait on us! It was not a nice supper; and the evening was wet. As it was late, we soon retired to rest. Mary and Maxted (Lady Churchill's maid) had been dining below with Grant, Brown, and Stewart (who came, the same as last time, with the mails) in the 'commercial-room,' at the foot of the stairs. They had only the remnants of our two starved chickens!"

In October, 1861 the Athole country was revisited:— "We passed by the Bruar, and the road to the Falls of the Bruar. The Duke of Athole took us through a new approach, which is extremely pretty; but near which, I cannot help regretting, the railroad will come, as well as along the road by which we drove, the Pass of Drumoucher. The duke has made great improvements, and the path looked beautiful, surrounded as it is by hills, and the foliage still full, though in all its autumn tints, the whole being lit up with sunshine. We drove through

an avenue, and in a few minutes more were at the door of the old castle. A thousand recollections of seventeen years ago crowded upon me; all seemed so familiar again. No one there, except the dear duchess, who stood at the door, and whom I warmly embraced, and Miss Macgregor. How well I recognised the hall with all the sporting trophies; and the staircase, which we went up at once. The duchess took me to a room, which I recognised immediately as the one where Lady Canning lived. There we took off our things; then went to look at the old and really very handsome rooms in which we had lived—the one in which Vicky had slept in two chairs, then not four years old. ** We got into the carriage, a very peculiar one, viz., a boat put on four wheels, drawn by a pair of horses, with a postilion. The morning was beautiful. We drove up by the avenue, and about a favourite walk of ours in '44, passed through the gate, and came on to Glen Tilt, which is most striking, the road winding along, first on one side of the Tilt, and then on the other; the fine high hills rising very abruptly from each side of the rapid, rocky, stony river Tilt; the trees, chiefly birch and alder, overhanging the water.

We passed the Marble Lodge, in which one of the keepers lives, and came to Forest Lodge, where the road for carriages ends, and the glen widens. There were our ponies, which had passed the night at the Bainoch, or Beynoch (a shooting 'shiel'* of Lord Fife's). They came over this morning, but, poor beasts, without having had any corn. Forest Lodge is eight miles from



BROWN AND GRANT.

Blair. There we took leave of the dear duchess, and saw old Peter Frazer, the former head-keeper there, now walking with the aid of two sticks."

To the account of the "Last great Expedition" a mournful interest attaches. The following are the concluding sentences:—

"LAST EXPEDITION.

Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1862.

This gave one a very good idea of the geography of the country, which delighted dear Albert, as this expe-

* "Shiel" means a small shooting-lodge.

dition was quite in a different direction from any that we had ever before made. But my head is so very un- | part of it which is finished, and which is to extend to geographical that I cannot describe it. We came down | the cairn wall. We went back on our side of the river, by the Mouth Eigie, a steep hill covered with grass, | and if we had been a little earlier Albert might have got a stag; but it was too late. The moon rose and



FORESTER OF ATHOLE.

down part of which I rode, walking where it was steepest; but it was so wet and slippery that I had two falls. We got down to the road to the Spittal Bridge, about fifteen miles from Castleton, at nearly half-past four, and then down along the new road, at least that

shone most beautifully, and we returned at twenty minutes to seven o'clock, much pleased and interested with this delightful expedition. Alas! I fear our last great one!

(IT WAS OUR LAST ONE!—1867.)"



SHEARING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN,
MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

V.—GOING A-MAYING.

MAY has come, and folks are going a-Maying in various ways, and after very opposite fashions. The Maying of the town is altogether another thing to the Maying of the country. In "the season" of the former, the bursting bloom of Nature is counterfeited by the May fashions of the milliners; and all the brilliant colours that begin to show themselves in woods, fields, and gardens, are out-rainbowed in hue by the silks and satins, muslins and velvets of Kensington and Belgrave.

May in Mayfair, in the height of the season, is a scene of brilliance and fashion that is an outward sign of the wealth and nobility of Great Britain; and the roll of the thousand carriages and the clatter of the thousand horses in the Row and the Mile, and the fluttering of ten thousand bright ribbons and dresses in West-end drawing-rooms, may be accepted as a remembrance of the trade of the country, which is sustained in so large a degree by the demand for those articles of luxury which are a necessity to the season of May in Mayfair. Court receptions, drawing-rooms, and levées make themselves felt very far down in the social scale, and contribute to the livelihood of industrious workers in almost every part of the Queen's dominions; and the return of her Majesty to a prominent position in these useful and necessary, though wearisome, ceremonials of state, has not only gladdened the hearts of many of her loyal subjects, but has revived the trade of London, which had greatly languished since the days of her sad bereavement.

Another notable feature of London at this season is the bustle of the "May Meetings," which, as means to an end, are of very considerable importance, and greatly affect the yearly revenues of the chief religious and charitable societies. The interest in such institutions is aroused, sustained, and increased by the vast gatherings held at Exeter Hall and elsewhere during the month of May. The contact of Christian men in such meetings as these seems to kindle in their hearts a sacred fire whose brightness and warmth will be felt far and wide. It will cast its light on the dark places of cruelty and ignorance, and cheer the poor and destitute with works of philanthropy and benevolence.

The majority of those who attend these May Meetings will find their way to the Art galleries in the near neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, or perhaps will content themselves with going a-Maying to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, there to crowd round the pictures of the year. May ushers in the artists' harvest, when the fruits of their busy year are garnered; on May-day the Royal Academy opens its portals; and, in the present year, 1863, it is numbered among those centenarians for whom the "Quarterly" has been fighting a battle; for it has attained its one hundredth year. Painting and Music are sister arts, and May is the month for the nightingale, both in town and country—though in the concert-room or opera-house, the warbled notes of the nightingale, whether Swedish or Italian, are so far from being "unpremeditated," like to those of the real Philomela, that they are only produced through the medium of other notes of a pecuniary and banking value. And if the nightingale of the woods and groves sings

"jug-jug-jug-jug-teren," as Lilly, Queen Elizabeth's poet, says that she does, or merely "oree, osee," as Chaucer reported, or indulges in that twenty-four lines of distracted letters with which Bechstein endeavoured phonetically to represent her unapproachable melody, it is at least quite as intelligible as much that is heard from the lips of wingless singing bipeds. Milton has a sonnet to the nightingale, warbling at eve, with

"Liquid notes that close the eye of day,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May;"

And Cowper, not only in his Address to the nightingale that he heard on New Year's day, but also in his lines "To Catharina," and in a passage in "The Task," showed that he considered the song of the bird as cheering, exhilarating, and most musical; but not "most melancholy," the epithet of Milton, which stirred the poetic indignation of Coleridge, and inspired him with his well-known "Ode to the Nightingale."

The nightingale takes us a-Maying into the country; and, although we live in an age that is too utilitarian and matter-of-fact to permit the careful cultivation and popular recognition of poetical and old-world customs, yet the observance of May-day is not altogether a thing of the past. In many sequestered nooks and corners of the land there are people to be found who lovingly cling to old customs, and to whom folk-lore is a living reality, and not a dead letter to be exhumed for the interest of a curious minority.

The Maypole! Washington Irving, in a delightful passage in the "Sketch Book," has recorded the fancies that were awakened by the mere sight of one at Chester, although it was nothing but a bare pole. And as for the phrase "going a-Maying," it sounds so pleasing, pretty, poetic, pastoral, and picturesque, that quite an alliterative crop of early May p's might be forced, as epithets wherewith to grace the banquet of delights that Nature so bountifully provides in "the merry month of May." For going a-Maying is suggestive of the sweet burst of bud and blossom; the tender mist of green that overspreads the woods; the forest carpet of primroses, violets, hyacinths, and anemones; the bright tassels of the birch and the opening fans of the chestnut leaves; the kine-dappled meadows, sprinkled with cowslips and gemmed with buttercups; the snowy bloom of the cherry, plum, and blackthorn; the kingcups and the golden broom, on first seeing which Linnaeus fell upon his knees and thanked God for having created so glorious a sight; the cuckoo, telling "his name to all the hills;" the delicious trills of the nightingale, and the universal charm of songbirds. Of a multitude of things, in short, that are pleasant, and fragrant, and beautiful, does the phrase "going a-Maying" remind us; though not of the "May" itself, for the hawthorn does not bloom in time to grace the May-day festival. Going a-Maying has the ring of poetry in its very sound; and the memory that is stored with poetic passages in praise of May, can feast on some of the sweetest bits of our choicest poets. Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," makes great mention of the attractions of May; so that even to "the blissful place" he could assign no higher charm than by saying, "There green and lusty May shall e'er endure;" and, in "The Knight's Tale," we see Arcite and Theseus going a-Maying to the grove, and from thence procuring their hawthorn garlands. Then we have Herrick going a-Maying with his Corinna; and we listen to Spenser and Milton chanting their hymns of praise to "fair May," "flowery May," "beautious May," "bounteous May," and, perchance, we try to emulate Archdeacon Wrangham in translating Buchanan's Latin Ode to May-day; and we hear Ben

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Jonson's "Salutation to Maia;" and see Dryden's gentle Emilia, "more fresh than May herself," going forth

"Before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May."

Then from Thomson, Wordsworth, and modern poets, we pass through the peasant Clare's too-much-neglected verse, to the laureate's "May Queen," who, although artists persist in depicting her as a little child, was evidently a grown-up young woman, not without vanity and a spice of flirtation, and who was expecting soon to be the wife of that Robin who was, doubtless, one of the many partners with whom she

"Danced about the Maypole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles' Wain came out above the tall white chimney tops."

The description of the "Lady of the May," given by Browne, in his "Britannia's Pastorals," coincides with Strutt's account of going a-Maying, which was conducted in such a fashion that it very deservedly, in 1585, obtained reprobation in Stubbes' "Anatomie of Abuses;" and the palace-porter's man, in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," complained that the blowing of the horns, and the tumult of the men and maidens as they went to the wood to break branches from the trees, made it impossible to sleep on May-day morning.

On the whole, we may congratulate ourselves that the sport of going a-Maying has fallen into the hands of village school children. We may have lost the "stage-plaies," of which Stowe tells us—the Robin Hood and Maid Marian, whose *morion*, or head-piece, together with her whole attire, was paid for by the parish, of which accounts are yet to be found in the ancient books of churchwardens. We may have lost her successor, Malkin or Mawkin, the clown dressed up in woman's clothes, who afterwards still further degenerated to the Jack-in-the-Green; but it does not require a great amount of stoicism to reconcile us to the loss. We may be quite content with reading in the pages of the Old Chronicler, Hall, of Henry VIII going a-Maying to Shooter's Hill, and of Queen Elizabeth doing the same at Sir Richard Buckley's, at Lewisham; but we may prefer to look upon that picture of our present sovereign as the Queen of that May-day ceremony of 1851. Nor need we grieve that we cannot see Chaucer's May-pole, that "great shaft of Cornhill" (from which the Church of Andrew Under-shaft took its name), whose last appearance was on "the Evil May-day" of 1517, when the tragedy of the "London Apprentices" cast a gloom over the May-day sports, from which they were many years in recovering; thirty-two years after which date, that tall shaft was cut up and burnt by the hearers of the curate of St. Katherine, Sir Stephen, who had denounced it as an idol; and as such was it destroyed on the Sunday afternoon, by Sir Stephen's hearers, "after they had well dined, to make themselves strong," as Stowe says, not without sarcasm. Its companion, that famous "tall May-pole" that once "o'erlook'd the Strand," and was celebrated by Beaumont and Fletcher, and by Pope, had a better fate; for although it had fallen in 1644, in obedience to law, it had been replaced in 1661, there to remain, though shattered, till 1717, when Newton removed it to Wanstead to support Huyon's great telescope. We can part with these May-poles, and we can walk through Brook Street, May-fair, without caring to see that brook and that field where was wont to be held the May-fair to which gossiping Pepys went in 1660—those fairs, "whose greatest crime was harmless, honest mirth," according to the cavalier's testimony. We have outlived these, as we have out-

lived the chimney-sweeps' May-day, of which Horace Smith and Charles Lamb have told us; and their predecessors, the milkmaids, with their "garland of polished plate," of which we have an account in "The Tatler." Enough for us are the village school-children with their May "garland;" and even they are only to be found here and there, and in certain counties; and in another generation their pretty and innocent custom may have become extinct. Let us glance at it before it leave us, first quoting some lines by the poet of "The Christian Year":—

"Come, ye little revellers gay,
Learners in the school of May,
Bring me here the richest crown,
Wreathed this morn on breezy down,
Or in nook of copse-wood green,
Or by river's rushy screen,
Or in sunny meadows wide,
Gemm'd with cowslips in their pride;
Or perchance, high prized o'er all,
From beneath the southern wall,
From the choicest garden-bed,
Mid bright smiles of infants bred,
Each a lily of his own
Offering, or a rose half-blown.

"Bring me now a crown as gay,
Wreathed and woven yesterday.
Where are now those forms so fair?
Withered, drooping, wan, and bare,
Feeling nought of earth or sky,
Shower or dew, behold they lie,
Vernal airs no more to know;
They are gone—and ye must go;
Go where all that ever bloomed,
In its hour must lie entombed.
They are gone; their light is o'er:
Ye must go; but ye once more
Hope, in joy, to be new born,
Lovelier than May's gleaming morn.

"Hearken, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet:
None of all the wreaths ye prize,
But was nursed by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers.
So if e'er that second Spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare,
How should else earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above?"

The children in the illustration on the next page* were drawn from life, last year, in Huntingdonshire, where "going a-Maying" after this fashion is very generally observed. Their "garland" was made in the traditional pyramidal shape, and was composed of cowslips, hyacinths, wood-anemones, orchids, crab-blossom, gilly-flowers, periwinkles, primroses, laurestinus, and topped with the crown-imperial. Dolls were placed on the garland, the chief doll (though they knew it not) being the representative of the goddess Flora, in the festival of the Roman *floralia*. From the base of the garland, which was carried by means of a stick thrust through it, were hung ribbons and pieces of gay-coloured stuffs. The children took their garland to the houses of the various farmers and residents, and sang their May-day song—a curious medley, in which religion figures after the manner of the old times, and is introduced with the appearance of levity, yet so as quaintly to suggest how simple piety may be connected with the enjoyment of any

* An account of the parish, and a photograph of the church, will be found in "Historical and Architectural Notes of the Parish Churches in and around Peterborough." By the Rev. W. D. Sweeting. Illustrated with photographs by Mr. W. Ball, of Peterborough.

festival. The whole ballad is too characteristic to be lost. I took down the words, and found that they had been taught by mother to daughter, for three or four generations; and they were these:—

"Here comes us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin,
To lead our lives in righteousness,
For fear we should die in sin.
To die in sin is a dreadful thing,
To die in sin we mourn;
It would have been better for our poor souls
If we had never been born.
We have been rambling through the night,
And part of the next day;
And now we have returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.
A branch of May, it looks so gay,
Before your door does stand;
It's only a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of the Almighty hand.
Awake, awake, my pretty fair maids,
And take your May-bush in,
Or it will be gone before to-morrow morn,
And you'll say that we brought you none.
Awake, awake, my pretty fair maids,
Out of your drowsy dream,
And step into your dairies all,
And fetch us a cup of cream.
If it's only a cup of your sweet cream,
Or a mug of your brown beer;
If we should live to tarry in the town
We'll call another year.
Repent, repent, you wicked men,
Repent before you die;
There's no repentance to be had
When in the grave you lie.
The life of man it is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
To-day we are, to-morrow we're gone,
We're gone all in one hour.
Now take a Bible in your hand,
And read a chapter through;
And, when the day of judgment comes,
The Lord will think of you.
Good morrow, lords and ladies,
It is the first of May;
We hope you'll view the garland,
For it looks so very gay.
The nightingale she sings by night,
The cuckoo she sings by day;
So, fare ye well, we must be gone,
We wish you a happy May!"

The church shown in the illustration is that of

Orton Waterville, Huntingdonshire, three miles southwest of Peterborough, a living in the gift of Pembroke College, Cambridge. The May garland in this village is got up with considerable care, and forms an item in the annual Church Missionary Report, the money collected in the "going a-Maying" being presented by the school-girls to the Church Missionary Society. Thus, in the £44 3s. 3d. sent to the Society from this parish, as its contribution for 1867, one item is "May Garland 10s. 1½d." Another item is "Sale of flowers £13 3s." This large sum was procured from the sale of garden and wild flowers, sold chiefly in penny bunches, made up every week with much artistic skill, and sold by ready and cheerful agents, the market-woman, the postman, the rector's daughter, etc. "The flowers," says the rector, the Rev. John Mills, in a communication published in "The Church Missionary Gleaner," for January, 1868, "The flowers are collected, not from one [garden only, but from many, both in the villages and outside. And it is exceedingly pleasant to see the children coming in, in troops almost, in the merry spring time, with joyous faces bringing in their bunches of violets and primroses and orchises, collected in the fields and woods about. They each receive a little printed card, with a picture on it (a Missionary subject generally), which provides them with a fresh thought for that week, and these cards they usually put up in their cottage rooms. And who shall say what good and blessed results may come from this simple means of enlisting the sympathies of the young, and keeping up their interest in such a loving and loveable employment." Of the origin of the "May Garland," at Orton Waterville, Mr. Mills gave an account in "The Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor," for 1858, page 175. Perhaps this instance of the "May Garland" may be unique; it is certainly suggestive, and commends itself as worthy of imitation in some, at least, of those twelve thousand villages in which, as the Rev. J. C. Ryle tells us in "Work to be Done," the missionary cause is never pleaded or supported. Orton Waterville shows us how "going a-Maying" may be made pleasant, agreeable, and instructive to all concerned, and, at the same time, subservient to a good and great cause.



MAYING.